

what vultures are singing

Hello, will you cry your heart out  
when I address you; Commissioner Seahorse, Delegate Butter  
Angel Speaker Warm Water  
Council of all gentle things.

I am seventeen and dying of cancer today  
someone read my body back. Its blood type, the atomic weight  
the number of bones; I don't trust any of them  
so contingent on each other, on gentle things.

Council, it hurts when you lead me in by my carpet burns,  
by my ankles. Even during slow moving  
traffic, this fruit drink you could let me  
leave. I imagine I can go anywhere to fiber-optic cables  
or submarine cables at any moment I could cross  
the Atlantic. I am already leaving moving like landscapes do

so elastic, like how there is a place to tread  
between hell and the light from the fridge or,  
how there are so many sim cards beneath the Ozone. They are  
hidden everywhere, the same as ants. To you,

I hold up one big hand then one little hand as if surrender  
can be had. I'm asking you Agent  
Milkweed, understudy to Seahorse,  
formerly known as Rain Bird, all gentle.

Would you make me fight there is more  
to life than more of it. To conserve is to imagine  
permanence as if we could not revert back to what we were  
before, we could not  
be proteins. Let me trade

a light for my home when my powered down  
body is entire in the bath after dinner, it's  
tired it can't keep tiring. You know the reason a bird sings  
in the morning is to confirm she survived the night you know  
to survive is to gather what you have until something  
changes my alkalines, my blindfold beyond medicine,

the familiar lilt in a voice moving closer; all gentle things  
turn  
around. I had you I'll undo myself to see you later.